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FISCHER'S EDITION No. 3667

"DEAR CYRIL"

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BY

EDITH M. BURROWS

AUTHOR OF

"Their Lordships" and "Seasons & Holidays"



author J. Elder.

J. FISCHER & BRO.

7, 8 & 11, Bible House

New York

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"DEAR CYRIL"

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Cast of Characters

MRS. BATES....A widow who keeps a boarding house

MAGGIE.....Her Irish maid of all work

TEDDY BATES—

The "Imp of Satan," aged 11, who stutters

DAVID GRAHAM—

Young would-be-author at the Bates house

ALICE WHITE—

A budding authoress at the Bates house

THE POSTMAN—

Of great importance to David and Alice

JAMES SCOTT—

Representing the Columbia Publishing Co.

HARVEY LOFTUS—

Representing the Manhattan Publishing Co.

A DETECTIVE.....Who complicates matters

SCENE.

The living room of a country boarding house.

TIME.

The present.

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no,

ACT I.

Living room at Mrs. Bates. Door at center back opens out of doors. Two windows in back on either side of door and one at left near rear of stage. Fireplace at left near front. Door near center of right side opening into hall and remainder of house. Table near center front, on which are magazines, books and a lamp. Large colored portrait of an old-fashioned looking man hangs in a hideous gold frame over fireplace at left. A couch, chairs and a telephone complete the furnishings of room.

Curtain rises, disclosing Maggie, with gingham apron on and head tied up, sweeping room. Door at right opens cautiously and Teddy sticks his head in.

TEDDY.—S-say, Maggie, l-let me have one of your crullers from the k-kitchen?

MAGGIE.—Oi will not! The idea of yez askin' me that so soon after breakfast. Gwan out now and shut that door!

TEDDY.—P-please give me one, Maggie (*coaxingly*), j-just one?

MAGGIE.—Do yez think oi want to sweep the whole house this mornin'? Gwan out of here and shut that door! (*As Teddy still lingers, she raises broom and advances toward him. He flees.*) Do yez hear me, ye imp o' Satan, ye? If yez don't git Oi'll show yez what Oi will lave yez have! (*Coming back from door and wiping her face on her apron.*) That bye will be the death o' me yit. Sure he's the divil's own! (*Puts down broom and begins to dust. Enter from outer door in center, David, laden with numerous pads and pencils.*)

DAVID.—Good morning, Maggie.

MAGGIE.—Good mornin', sir.

DAVID.—I say, Maggie, will you do something for me?

MAGGIE.—Now, don't they beat the Dutch, these byes?

DAVID.—What's that?

MAGGIE.—Nothin', Oi was just thinkin' yez was the second young 'un that wanted somethin' off me this mornin'. (*Trying to look at him sternly and putting*

her hands on her hips.) The first man didn't get what he wanted, so don't yez be too hopeful. What is it?

DAVID.—Phew! you've scared me so I hardly know how to begin. The fact is, you see, Maggie, I think that I can write a book and I've come out here this summer to try. My first necessity is to have a place where I can work undisturbed; so I wondered if you and Mrs. Bates could fix me up in the attic. As I remember it, it would make a splendid workroom.

MAGGIE.—Mrs. Bates'll have to decide that first. Oi'll call her. (*Goes to door and calls.*) Mrs. Ba-ates! Mrs. Ba-a-tes!

MRS. BATES (*outside*).—Good gracious, Maggie, I'm not deaf. (*Enters.*) What is it?

MAGGIE (*pointing backward with her thumb at David, and grinning*).—Him is took with a turrible attack o' literachure an' wants to know kin he work it off in the attic. (*Takes up duster and turns to work again.*)

DAVID.—You see, Mrs. Bates, I was just telling Maggie of some writing that I desired to do, and wondering if you would mind if I used the attic.

MRS. BATES.—Mind? Why not at all! I shall be only too glad to think of some such work going on in this house. Is it poetry, Mr. Graham?

DAVID.—Good Lord, no! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Bates, but my-er genius (?) is so different from poetry that the idea rather startled me.

MRS. BATES.—Of course. I only asked because my dear cousin whose picture has the place of honor in this room (*points to picture over fireplace*) used to write poems, and beautiful ones, too! They were published in one of the ladies' magazines of the time. The dear man had such a fine name for literature, too—Cyril Thorpe. Isn't that romantic sounding? I'll show you some of his poems now, Mr. Graham. (*Starts to move off.*)

DAVID (*hastily*).—Oh, no, please don't! Er—that is, I must really get to work now. I want you both to promise me that you won't tell a soul about this work

of mine, and that you'll guard me from interruption at any cost.

MRS. BATES.—Of course, we'll see to that, and now I'll show you some things in the attic that will make you quite a comfortable little workroom. Maggie, hurry with this room, please.

(Exit Mrs. Bates and David.)

MAGGIE.—Hurry up, is it? Huh! *(Enter Alice cautiously from center back door. She carries gold mounted fountain pen and leather covered notebook. Maggie works furiously and pretends not to notice her.)*

ALICE.—Oh, Maggie! I'm so glad to find you alone. I hope you're not too busy to spare me a few minutes?

MAGGIE.—Busy? Lord love yez, Oi don't know the manin' o' the word. Can't yez see Oi'm just restin'?

ALICE.—Oh, now, Maggie, don't be cross. I have such a piece of news for you. I came here this summer to *(peers cautiously about again and then whispers)* what do you think?

MAGGIE *(promptly)*.—Write a book!

ALICE *(staggered)*.—But—how did you know.

MAGGIE.—Oh, everybody's doin' it!

ALICE.—Why, what do you mean?

MAGGIE.—Nothin', Miss; thim was just the words from a song Oi was after hearin' the other day, and it surprised me so whin me guess was straight that they just slipped out on me.

ALICE.—Well! I never saw anything like that guess. You're a regular wizard, Maggie. *(Maggie solemnly nods her head.)* And now, listen! I simply must have a place where I can work without being disturbed, and I thought at once of the attic as a workroom.

MAGGIE.—Didn't Oi tell yez, everybody's doin' it? *(Claps her hand over her mouth in consternation.)*

ALICE *(sharply)*.—Maggie, what's the matter with you this morning? Don't say that foolish thing again! *(Enter Mrs. Bates.)*

MRS. BATES.—Good morning, Miss Alice. What is the trouble, Maggie?

MAGGIE *(chuckling)*.—Sure, 'tis another wan of

thim struck with in-growin' ideas, and wantin' to know kin she use the attic for a workroom!

MRS. BATES.—Do you mean to say that you are writing, my dear? Congratulations.

ALICE.—Better save those till I hear from the publishers. "There's many a slip twixt pen and print," you know. Thanks for your good will, however, and can you spare me the attic for a workroom? You see I simply must be quiet.

MRS. BATES.—Yes—but the attic, my dear, you see, the attic is—well—(*pauses*).

ALICE (*offended*).—I see, you don't want me to use it. I'm sorry that I put you to the embarrassment of refusing. I dare say I can find some other place to work. (*Starts to walk off.*)

MRS. BATES.—No, no, my dear. You don't understand. I'd love to have you work there, but you see, there a difficulty. I—oh, you tell her Maggie. (*Turns despairingly to Maggie, who calmly takes the helm. As she goes on with explanations, Mrs. Bates' expression changes from amazement to horror, to wrath and then to amusement.*)

MAGGIE.—Sure, Miss, Oi'll tell yez how it is. Yez see, Mrs. Bates here has a crazy relative, not right in his head at all, at all, Miss, an' bein' sorry for him, she's fixed him up a room in the attic. Times now he's peaceful-like, and then again he's fierce and ugly. So yez see, Miss, it would never do for yez to be workin' in the attic.

ALICE (*shuddering*).—Mercy, no! I should say not! But I don't know what I shall do. Oh, dear!

MRS. BATES.—How about one of the rooms in the stable? That could be fixed up quite comfortably, and I'm sure you'd not be interrupted.

ALICE.—Fine! fine! Can I go right out there now? I'm crazy to begin work.

MAGGIE (*aside*).—Crazy, is it? Wan crazy wan in a family is enough.

MRS. BATES.—Maggie and I will go out first and straighten things out for you so that in fifteen minutes you'll not know the place. Come, Maggie.

(*Exeunt Mrs. Bates and Maggie.*) (*Alice crosses slowly from center door at back, where Mrs. Bates and Maggie have gone out, down to center front, and sits at table. Lays down fountain pen and note-book on table, and thinks for a minute.*)

ALICE.—Hum! Now that was queer. Maggie not only said "Everybody's doin' it," but she said "another of them," referring to me. Can there be some one else here who is writing. Surely not Mr. Graham! (*Pauses.*) Well, why not! I'll sound him when I get a chance and see what he thinks about the literary life.

(*Enter David from right. Alice starts toward door at center back, nodding to him.*)

ALICE.—Good morning!

DAVID.—'Morning, Miss White. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

ALICE.—"To feed the chickens, sir, she said."

DAVID.—"And may I come with you, my pretty maid?"

ALICE.—No, sir, you may not. Anyhow, I'm not going just yet. I want to ask you a question.

DAVID.—Ask away. Sit down, won't you? (*Alice and David sit near table at center front.*)

ALICE (*awkwardly*).—Mr. Graham, do you—er—that is, have you ever been—well—er, interested in literature and, and, authors, and things like that

DAVID (*reproachfully*).—Now, by Jove! Do I look to you like a literary man? You flatter me. Behold (*waves his hand toward picture over fireplace*) the literary person with the literary name, "Cyril Thorpe." Never accuse me of being such again. Why, I hate authors. They do nothing but talk of themselves and their work. Don't you think so? (*Alice's expression here is somewhat dejected.*)

ALICE.—I—oh, I hadn't noticed. I was just wondering what you thought about the profession in general.

DAVID (*trying to appear unconcerned*).—But this is entirely too one-sided. What about your opinion of authors?

ALICE.—Oh, I hate them, too. They are a thoroughly conceited lot. (*David looks dejected.*) Now, this time (*rising*), I really must go.

DAVID.—To feed the chickens?

ALICE.—Yes. (*Goes toward center door.*)

DAVID (*smilingly*).—Pardon me, you forgot something. (*Lifts note-book and pen from table and hands them to Alice, who is much confused.*) (*Quizzically.*) Do you—er, take notes on the appetites of the chickens?

ALICE (*tartly*).—Yes, chickens and inquisitive people have always been my hobbies, and as I'm quite sure to meet them here, I like to have this (*taps note-book*) at hand.

DAVID (*holding up crossed fingers*).—Fins, fins! I'm not playing. (*Exit Alice.*) Whew that last one had some sting in it. But she's a mighty nice girl. Guess I'll take a stroll before getting down to work, and maybe I'll find some local color, or, perhaps the chickens. (*Exits center laughing.*) (*Enter Teddy from right. Peers cautiously about, and finding the coast clear, disappears right for a moment, coming back with a large cruller, which he devours, putting the last of it in his mouth as his mother and Maggie enter from center.*)

MRS. BATES.—Oh, here you are, Teddy, just in time to take the basket and go to Mrs. Hammond's for eggs. We need two dozen to-day and two chickens for roasting. Now, hurry off!

MAGGIE.—Never did Oi see that bye on hand before whin 'twas errind toime. Oi'll bet wan o' me crullers is missin' (*exit right*). (*Teddy hastily leaves center.*)

MAGGIE (*coming back from right, runs to center door and shakes her fist at Teddy*).—Ye villain, ye! Niver agin do yez git a cake off me. (*In horror.*) Howly Mither, Mrs. Bates, there's Mr. Graham head-in' straight for the stable. (*Calling and waving apron*) Mr. Graham! Mr. Gra-a-ham! Come in here! (*Graham comes on the run*).

DAVID.—Merciful heavens! What's the row? Is the house on fire?

MAGGIE.—Yez tell him, Mrs. Bates, for why he mustn't go near the barn.

MRS. BATES (*helplessly*).—No—you, Maggie. I—I can't.

DAVID.—Well, I implore you both not to keep up the suspense much longer. (*Sinks into chair and rocks, fanning himself with hat.*)

MAGGIE.—'Tis this way, sir. Airly in the saison we had a boarder what was took with the small-pox, and he had to be moved to the barn. Sure, he's all well now, but his brilliantine ain't up yit, so yez mustn't go out that way.

DAVID.—Brilliantine?

MRS. BATES.—Maggie means quarantine, and until the doctor declares that lifted, we would prefer your not going in that direction.

DAVID.—I see. My! but you won't have to coax me to keep away. Smallpox is not among the things that I pine for. Guess I'll sit here awhile till the shock wears off and then go upstairs to work.

MRS. BATES.—Very well. Then Maggie and I will go to the kitchen to see about dinner. (*Exeunt Mrs. B. and Maggie.*) (*Enter Alice.*)

DAVID.—Well, are the chickens fed, and are their pulses and temperatures recorded normal in the book? (*Alice does not pay any attention to him.*) Say! where are those chickens anyhow?

ALICE (*confused*).—Out—oh, out by the barn.

DAVID.—Holy Moses! (*Jumps out of chair.*) Say, girl, look here! You cut out that chicken-feeding job right away. Do you hear?

ALICE.—I can't very well help hearing, but since when have you assumed the right to dictate my actions to me?

DAVID.—Oh, now, please don't get huffy. You see I was excited.

ALICE (*coolly*).—Yes, so I should judge. (*Starts to walk out.*)

DAVID.—Wait! please wait just a minute to let me explain. (*Shouts after her as she retreats.*) There's a man with smallpox in that barn!

ALICE (*halts and returns*).—Smallpox? Who told you?

DAVID.—Mrs. Bates and Maggie. They scared ten years out of my life by yelling at me to come back when I was heading for the barn.

ALICE (*with smile*).—Oh, yes. I begin to see.

DAVID.—See what?

ALICE.—You being called back from the barn (*she laughs*).

DAVID. (*ruefully*).—Oh, yes, I suppose it is funny now, but it wasn't noticeably so at the time. Having furnished amusement enough, I think I'll go upstairs to the attic.

ALICE (*quickly*).—To the attic? No, no! you mustn't!

DAVID.—Mustn't? "Since when have you assumed the right to dictate my actions to me"? (*Moves off with a grin.*)

ALICE (*imploringly*).—Please, wait a minute. There's a reason.

DAVID.—Yes; "use Postum."

ALICE.—Oh, won't you be serious? There's a crazy man upstairs.

DAVID.—Dear me! Is that so? Then let me have at him!

ALICE.—No; really there is. Mrs. Bates and Maggie told me so. He's some relative of Mrs. Bates, and sometime's he's quiet, but at other times he gets ugly. Please be careful and don't go up there.

DAVID.—Oh, I'll be all right. Don't worry.

ALICE (*indignantly*).—I'm not worrying. Only I don't want to see you murdered under my very nose.

DAVID.—*Over* your nose in this case, isn't it?

ALICE.—Oh, you exasperating thing! Go on and get killed if you want to.

DAVID.—I don't want to, and hardly think that I shall. I'm (*hesitates*) I'm only going to—er—set a mouse trap up there and come right back.

ALICE.—Truly?

DAVID.—Truly!

ALICE.—All right. You're excused. (*Exit David*)

right.) _ Hope nothing happens to him. He's a nice boy, if he does think all writers beneath his notice. And that reminds me. (*She walks over to fireplace and gazes up at picture.*) Now, what did he say that man's name was? Let's see—Cyril, Cyril Thorpe. Just what I want for my book. "For the Love of a Woman" by Cyril Thorpe. Splendid! (*Exit center, laughing.*) (*Re-enter David right.*)

DAVID.—Pshaw! has she gone? She's a dandy girl! Too bad she feels that way about authors, but she may change her mind when my book comes out. Wonder how it will look in print. "The Skipper of Barnegat" by David Graham. No, confound it, that name spoils the effect. I must be very grand and have a "nom-de-plume," something high-sounding for mine! (*His eye happens to light on picture.*) The very thing! "Cyril Thorpe." Well, why not? "The Skipper of Barnegat" by Cyril Thorpe. Oh, you Cyril! (*Points finger at picture and laughs as curtain falls.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as Act. I.*

TIME.—*Evening, one month later.*

Curtain rises, showing Mrs. Bates and Maggie clearing the last of the supper dishes from the table.

MRS. BATES.—Maggie!

MAGGIE.—Yes, mum.

MRS. BATES.—Nothing. (*Sighs and goes on with her work. Maggie turns to look curiously at her.*)

MAGGIE.—Sure now, if yez'll be just tellin' it out, it'll be good for yez. They do say that ingrowin' thoughts is awful painful, mum.

MRS. BATES.—Well, it's this way, Maggie. All my life I've been a truthful woman, and this last month I'm sure that I've told or help tell ten times as many lies as I ever told in all my life before. It really distresses me greatly.

MAGGIE.—Sure, and don't ye mind, mum. You've not told nearly the number that Oi have. Besides

(*with a knowing nod*), from things Oi've been hearin' now and then Oi'm thinking' we're not the only wans that's lyin'.

MRS. BATES.—Why! What do you mean?

MAGGIE (*darkly*).—Oi ain't for callin' no man a liar, but do yez just kape your ears open and listen to what yez hear. (*Looks out of door at right in the direction of a noise just heard.*) Here comes that imp o' Satan. (*Enter Teddy.*) What diviltry have yez been into now? Say, there's some cookies on the kitchen table near as fresh as yerself, and yez kin have wan—wan, Oi say, if ye'll go for the eggs now. Oi'll be nadin' 'em to-morrer airly.

TEDDY (*joyfully*).—S-sure I will. (*Exit right.*)

MAGGIE.—Oi'm through in here now, Mrs. Bates, and Oi'm thinkin' Oi'd better help Teddy count thim cookies, so he'll know whin he's got wan. (*Exit right.*)

MRS. BATES (*picking up sewing as David enters chewing the end of a pencil*).—I think I'll go and help in the kitchen now. Good evening, Mr. Graham, you seem to be so busy these days that we hardly ever see you any more. Is the book nearly finished?

DAVID (*gloomily*).—Yes, and so am I. This author business is no joke when one has other worries.

MRS. BATES.—Other worries? I'm sorry.

DAVID.—Yes (*sighs deeply*). Thank you for your sympathy. (*Exit Mrs. Bates right and enter Teddy right with basket.*) Hullo! Ted, where are you bound?

TEDDY.—T-to get some eggs.

DAVID.—Oh, out by the barn?

TEDDY.—N-no, over t-to Mrs. Hammonds.

DAVID.—What do you go over there for?

TEDDY (*disgustedly*).—T-to get s-some eggs, I told you!

DAVID.—Well, why in thunder don't you get your eggs from your own chickens?

TEDDY.—'C-cause we aint g-got any ch-chickens! (*Exit center.*)

DAVID.—Well, I'll be darned! (*Pause.*) And to think of all the times that that girl had gone out to

feed chickens that simply are not. It certainly gets me how women can invent such fearful and wonderful lies. Just as if I didn't have enough to worry about with this book of mine ready to mail, and no chance to mail it on the quiet, without having her perfidy to worry me. Bah! I don't care. Oh, hang it all—yes, I do, too. (*Enter Alice from right. David not observing her, walks about in excitement, kicking the furniture, etc., out of his way.*)

ALICE (*amused*).—You seem rather excited, Mr. Graham.

DAVID (*jumping in surprise*).—The dev—er—I mean good evening. How are you? Oh, what's the matter with me anyhow? You see, I didn't know you were here, and as I was just thinking about you, you startled me.

ALICE (*feigning surprise*).—Thinking about me?

DAVID.—Yes, about you and—the chickens. You know I never see you now but what I think of a chicken.

ALICE.—What!

DAVID.—Oh, I mean of your feeding them, of course. Are you bound on that duty now?

ALICE.—Why—er—yes. I'm sorry I startled you. Good night. (*Exit center.*)

DAVID.—Good night. (*Enter Mrs. Bates right unobserved.*) Well! If that girl isn't an accomplished liar!

MRS. BATES.—Why, Mr. Graham; did I hear you call Miss White a liar?

DAVID.—Oh, no, Mrs. Bates. How—how could you think such a thing? I simply said she ought to play the lyre: she's such an accomplished girl. Musical instrument—the lyre,—*l-y-r-e*, you know. (*Laughs in confusion and makes hasty exit.*)

MRS. BATES.—I declare! To think that young man should say a thing in my hearing, and then a minute later deliberately deny saying it. Why—why, he *lied* to me! Lied! yes, and he accused Miss White of lying, too. I'm beginning to see what Maggie meant when she said that we weren't the only ones that were

lying. Such goings-on in my house. Well, I never! (*Walks toward door on right and exit.*) (*Enter Alice from center door and walks back and forth in a perturbed manner.*)

ALICE.—Dear me, how provoking! It's all ready to mail, and this would be a splendid opportunity to get it to the mail-box unobserved, if only I could get that one sentence to sound convincing. I suppose I'll just have to spend the rest of the evening thinking it over. (*Sits down at table and frowns over her problem. Enter David from right, looks intently at her, and, evidently making up his mind, comes forward.*)

DAVID.—Back again, Miss White? The chickens couldn't have been very hungry to-night.

ALICE (*absent-mindedly*).—Yes, I think so—oh, what did you say? (*Looks up at David, who gazes directly at her.*)

DAVID.—I said that the chickens couldn't have been very hungry.

ALICE.—No, they weren't.

DAVID.—No; I shouldn't think they would be very hungry any of the time.

ALICE.—No—why?

DAVID.—Why, how can what is not be hungry?

ALICE.—Dear me! Is this a riddle? What's the answer?

DAVID.—Don't you know?

ALICE.—No.

DAVID.—Well, then, I'll explain. You see, as there are no chickens, I didn't suppose that they'd be very hungry.

ALICE.—Aren't there any chickens? (*Laughing.*) What a joke.

DAVID.—I fail to see the joke in your resorting to such a subterfuge to explain your frequent visits to the vicinity of the barn.

ALICE (*defiantly*).—Really, I'm sure I don't know why you should have to have my reasons for going to the "vicinity of the barn," but (*pauses with a smile at his glum expression*) suppose I told you that I went to the barn "For the Love of a Woman," what would you say?

DAVID.—Say? I'd say it would sound a whole lot more plausible if you said you went for the love of a man!

ALICE (*indignantly*).—Indeed! I suppose you think I go out to the barn to see the—the smallpox man?

DAVID (*desperately*).—That's exactly what I do think!

ALICE.—What! (*She looks at him, and as he is still looking away with a forlorn look on his face, she smiles.*) Of course, Mr. Graham, you are entirely welcome to your thoughts, but in the future, I should be obliged if you didn't share them with me. (*Stalks majestically out door at right, turning with smile at David's dejected back.*)

DAVID.—My heavens! Then my guess was correct; she didn't deny it. Has she no pride? If she has no fear of the disease, I should think she might have a little fear of public opinion. Wonder what that fellow is like, anyhow. I don't like to ask Mrs. Bates, for she might think my curiosity rather sudden, since I've paid no attention to the subject for a month. By Jove! I have it! I'll ask Maggie; she was the one who told me about him, anyhow. (*Pulls out his watch and looks at it.*) H'm, first I'd better go out and see if I can find out from one of the natives what time the mail leaves. I must catch to-night's mail for the city. (*Exit center. Enter Alice and Maggie from right.*)

ALICE.—Now, Maggie, I want you to do something for me. You know you told Mr. Graham the story about the smallpox man in the barn to keep him from discovering me at work. I've been letting him think that I've been going out to feed the chickens when he's caught me going toward the barn; but to-night he found out that there are no chickens. Oh, Maggie! (*They both laugh.*) He was wild and practically accused me of going out there to see the smallpox man. Now, of course, I don't care what he thinks; but I want to punish him soundly for such a suspicion; so if he should ask you about this man I want you to tell him that he is young, very handsome and quite irresistible.

MAGGIE.—What's that last, Miss? Oi could niver call any wan that name.

ALICE.—Well, just say he is very attractive, will you?

MAGGIE (*dubiously*).—Oi dunno, Miss. Oi don't mind lyin' in a good cause, but whin it comes to fancy lyin', just for fun, Oi'm not strong for it.

ALICE.—Oh, but Maggie, this is in a good cause, and he may not ask you, but I think he will. All you'll have to do will be to answer his questions the way I told you. Do say you will. There's a good soul!

MAGGIE.—Oh, Oi suppose Oi may as well say yis now as an hour later, for Oi see ye're bound Oi'll say it some time.

ALICE.—Maggie, you're an angel! Now I'm off for the chickens and smallpox man—in other words, to work on a sentence that I don't like, for I must get that manuscript off in to-night's mail. Remember! (*Exit center.*)

MAGGIE.—Say, unless Oi'm much mistaken, thim two is stuck on each other, and it's me that did it. (*Enter David center.*)

DAVID.—What's that I heard you saying you'd done, Maggie?

MAGGIE.—Sure, yez'll find out before long, sir.

DAVID.—Another mystery. This house is getting positively spooky with so many mysteries in it. (*Walks restlessly about during following speeches.*) Say, Maggie—about that person—you know?

MAGGIE.—What person, sir?

DAVID.—The one in the barn—the smallpox fellow?

MAGGIE.—Oh, him—what about him?

DAVID.—Is he—er—young?

MAGGIE.—About your own age, sir.

DAVID.—And good looking?

MAGGIE.—Oh, sure, he's the bist lookin' man Oi iver laid me eyes on—a regular Apolar.

DAVID.—A what?

MAGGIE.—Apolar!

DAVID.—Oh, yes—Apollo. Don't see how he can be so extraordinarily beautiful after smallpox.

MAGGIE.—Sure, yez would niver know he's had it —'twas sich a light attackt.

DAVID.—Well, is he a nice sort of a chap?

MAGGIE.—“Nice” ain't the word for him, Mr. Graham: he's just illigant. Very attractive, she says.

DAVID (*roaring*).—She! Who?

MAGGIE.—Miss Alice, sir.

DAVID (*savagely*).—So she knows him, does she?

MAGGIE.—Knows him? Oi should say she knows him better than any one ilse, sir. Now Oi'll have to be goin' to me work. Good night to yez, Mr. Graham. (*Exit right.*)

DAVID.—Good night. She knows him better than any one else, does she? That sounds hopeful, doesn't it? Confound it! I believe I'm in love with that girl myself. She evidently doesn't care a rap about anybody but him, so I may as well go in the garden and dig worms, or get my manuscript tied up. (*Exit right. Re-enter Alice from center door, leaving it open behind her. She carries her pen which she absently lays on table.*)

ALICE.—I'll never, never catch that mail. Time is simply flying, and I can't get that sentence right! (*Paces frantically back and forth.*) Wait! I have it! (*David appears at doorway right and stands unobserved.*) “He kissed me, the villain! he kissed me!” (*Alice dashes in excitement out of open center door. Enter David from right.*)

DAVID.—The devil he did! Well, I'll spoil Apollo's good looks the first time I meet him. This thing must stop! (*Bangs his fist down on table.*) I'll propose to that girl myself the very next time I see her! (*Re-enter Alice from center door, rushes to table for pen, and is half way out again before David recovers himself.*)

DAVID.—Oh, er—Miss White.

ALICE (*frigidly*).—Yes?

DAVID.—I—oh, I forgot what I was going to say.

ALICE.—Indeed! (*Exit center.*)

DAVID.—My goodness! Some things are easier to say than to do; that's certain. (*Mopping his face.*)

I feel all shaky, just as if I'd had a very narrow escape. Now (*taking out his watch*) for my manuscript. The fatal hour is at hand. (*Exit right.*) (*Enter Alice center with large package of manuscript. Goes to side table and hurriedly hunts for scissors. Finds them and cuts extra string off package.*)

ALICE.—There! at last that's done, and now to mail it. (*She starts toward center door with parcel, when David suddenly dashes into room from right, with his manuscript. Both hastily conceal their manuscripts behind their backs, and try to look unconcerned.*)

DAVID (*attempting a light conversational tone*).—Lovely evening, isn't it?

ALICE (*sarcastically*).—Did you come tearing in like that to talk about the evening? (*Suspiciously.*) What's that you have behind your back?

DAVID (*getting an inspiration*).—It's—well, the fact is, it's that mouse that I caught in my trap in the attic. Knowing you ladies don't exactly love mice, I waited until I thought you were all away from here before starting to conduct the burial services.

ALICE.—Oh! (*Steps back a little.*)

DAVID (*growing bolder as he notices Alice's persistent effort to conceal something behind her*).—Since questions are in order, what are you holding behind your back?

ALICE.—Well, since you must know, I couldn't get one hook of my waist unfastened, and came down here to get Maggie to help me (*with indignation*). I am holding my dress together with my hand. Now, if you have the feelings of a gentleman, you will perhaps go. (*When she makes this speech, she stands with her back partially turned to the audience, who can easily see her dress entirely fastened, and the manuscript.*)

DAVID.—Maybe I haven't the feelings of a gentleman, but I seem to have those of a man, and you have driven those past the limit of endurance to-day. Can't you see that I love you, Alice? Don't you think you could love me a little?

ALICE (*furiously*).—Love you? No! I hate you! (*Stamps her foot.*) Now, will you go? (*David*

bows his head and goes slowly out right, being careful to shift the manuscript as he goes, so that Alice cannot see it.)

(Enter Teddy from center, with basket of eggs.) Oh, Teddy, you're just in time to save my life! Will you take this over to the mail-box for me? (Hands him manuscript as he puts down basket.) Come to my room when you get back and I'll give you a dollar if you won't say a word about this to any one.

TEDDY.—S-sure, I will. (Exit center.)

ALICE.—That's over, thank goodness! Maggie's little remarks have done some good work, evidently. I suppose I was rather rough on the poor fellow, but he ought to have known better than to propose when he had a dead mouse in one hand. Ugh! (Goes off right, laughing.)

(Re-enter Teddy center and fastens door securely for the night, putting on a very squeaky bolt. Picks up basket of eggs, blows out lamp, and exit right.)

(Enter David right, finds his way about by matches, goes over to door and sees bolt.)

DAVID.—Now, good Lord! If I open that door, the whole household will be roused in time to see me drop that manuscript in the mail-box. Guess there's nothing for it but the window. (Opens window cautiously and drops out. After a very short wait he returns and closes window.) Well, that's done! It's funny, now, but I could have sworn that I saw a man watching me from the road when I mailed that package. I must be getting nervous. Goodness, knows, I've had enough to make me nervous. So long, Cyril! (Waves to picture and exit right.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE.—Same as Act I.

TIME.—Afternoon two weeks later.

Curtain rises, showing David nervously pacing back and forth in room.

DAVID.—Confound those publishers! This suspense is awful! Here I've waited two weeks and haven't received a line from them yet. The postman has become a mania with me. Miss White seems to be expecting a letter, too, for she is always around at mail time. I suppose it's from the smallpox person who has gone away. The barn hasn't held out any attractions for nearly two weeks. (*Looking out of window.*) Hey! there's the postman now, and he's coming in here. (*Postman's whistle is heard outside, and David opens center door.*)

POSTMAN.—Good morning, sir. Here's a letter addressed in care of Mrs. Bates. Does any one of that name live here? (*Holds out letter to David, who takes it.*)

DAVID.—"Cyril Thorpe," by Jove! Yes, man. I'll—I'll give it to him. (*Slams door excitedly and turns letter over in his hand, half afraid to open it. Enter Alice in great haste and seeing David, she stops silent.*)

ALICE.—I thought, I thought I heard the postman.

DAVID.—You did. He brought me a letter (*maliciously*). Were you expecting something?

ALICE.—Oh, no, but I thought that I'd save Mrs. Bates the trouble of coming to the door. (*Exit center.*)

DAVID.—Very sweet of her, I'm sure; but then you couldn't expect her to tell the truth. Why (*bitterly*), that girl doesn't know the truth when she sees it. Now I'm off to the attic to read my letter in peace. (*Exit right.*) (*Alice opens center door, and seeing no one, she enters and closes door.*)

ALICE.—Horrid old thing! I'm glad he's gone (*indignantly*). "Were you expecting something?" Oh, no, not at all; with a manuscript that's been in the hands of the publishers for two weeks. Anyhow, what business is it of his whether I expect something or not! He's been perfectly hateful ever since that dead-mouse proposal. Anybody that had an atom of sense or perseverance would know better than to take my remarks at that time as final. (*Telephone bell rings and Alice answers.*) Hello, hello! Yes, this is 1904 M. This is Cyril Thorpe. Who? Oh, yes (*pause, then de-*

lightly), have you? That's splendid! What's that? One of your representatives coming out here this afternoon to settle terms with me? Yes, I hear you. Certainly I will be here to meet him. Thank you. Good-bye! • (*Hangs up.*) Well, if that isn't the best news ever! My book actually taken and a man coming to arrange terms! (*Looking at her watch.*) He can't get here until the four o'clock train, so I'll have time to get ready for him. (*Exit right.*)

(*Enter David right, fairly swelling with pride as he re-reads letter.*)

DAVID.—Ye gods and little fishes! I've done it at last! (*Reads*) "Your book, 'The Skipper of Barne-gat,' has been accepted and our representative will call upon you the afternoon of the 3d inst. to make final arrangements." My, but that's good news! (*Sounds of an auto stopping outside. David goes to window and looks out.*) Hello, here's the chap now, I guess. (*Opens center door and admits youngish man.*) Good afternoon, sir.

SCOTT.—Good afternoon. Is this Mrs. Bates' house?

DAVID.—Yes, it is.

SCOTT.—My name is Scott, and I came here to see some one by the name of—er—Thorpe (*consulting memorandum*), Cyril Thorpe. Does any such person live here?

DAVID.—Yes, indeed.

SCOTT.—May I see that person at once, please?

DAVID.—Yes, you may, if you look in this direction.

SCOTT (*surprised*).—Why, what do you mean?

DAVID (*laughing*).—Well—er, I am he and he is me, you know?

SCOTT (*taken aback*).—No. Why, I supposed Cyril Thorpe was a lady.

DAVID (*laughing louder*).—A lady? Great Scott! That's one on you, old chap. (*Slaps Scott on the back, and latter winces.*) Ha! that doesn't feel much like a perfect lady's fist, does it? Sit down. (*David and Scott seat themselves.*)

SCOTT.—Well, well! My firm, I presume, phoned you that I would be here this afternoon?

DAVID.—Phoned? No, they wrote me .

SCOTT.—Indeed, is that so? I understood the manager to say that he was going to call you up. However, now for business regarding your book. (*Consults his memorandum again and smiles.*) Ahem, "For the Love of a Woman!"

DAVID.—Hold on! What did you say that title was?

SCOTT (*surprised*).—What did I say it was? Just what *you* wrote, of course—"For the Love of a Woman."

DAVID (*aghast*).—I wrote? Oh, no, no, not me! Don't shoot! (*Holds up his hands with a comical expression.*) Maybe I've done a lot of fool things for the love of a woman, but you can bet your sweet life I never wrote about 'em. Oh, no, not me! (*Shakes his head.*) You're barking up the wrong tree, old man.

SCOTT (*suspiciously, as he looks again at his memorandum*).—No, I can't be. Here it is—"For the Love of a Woman," by Cyril Thorpe. Are you sure your name is Cyril Thorpe?

DAVID (*beginning to get angry*).—Certainly, I am. What are you driving at, anyhow? (*Enter Teddy center.*)

SCOTT.—Say, boy, do you know any person by the name of Cyril Thorpe?

TEDDY.—Y-y-yep!

SCOTT.—Is he here in this room now?

TEDDY.—Y-yep!

SCOTT (*turning to David*).—I certainly beg your pardon, Mr. Thorpe, for my suspicions; but you will admit that it did look rather queer.

TEDDY.—S-say, wait a minute, Mister (*pointing to David*). He—he ain't n-no Mr. Thorpe.

SCOTT.—But I thought you said Cyril Thorpe was in this room?

TEDDY.—Y-yep, I d-did (*jerking his thumb in direction of picture*). That's him!

SCOTT.—Worse and worse! Oh, say, boy, do you know who this man is? (*Points to David.*)

TEDDY.—S-sure! He's Mr. Graham.

SCOTT.—Oh! (*to David sneeringly*) So your name

is Graham! Well, well! I thought you were quite sure it was Cyril Thorpe?

DAVID.—For heavens sake! What the dickens is the matter with you anyhow? Did you ever hear of such a thing as a nom-de-plume? My name is Graham, David Graham, but for literary purposes, it's Cyril Thorpe. Now, is there anything else that I can explain for you?

SCOTT.—You're quite sure this time that you've struck the right name? You see this whole business seems to me distinctly complicated. You don't even know the book you wrote—"For the Love of a Woman."

DAVID.—But I didn't write any such book. My book's title is "The Skipper of Barnegat."

SCOTT.—Well, Cyril Thorpe wrote "For the Love of a Woman," and you say you are Cyril Thorpe.

DAVID.—Say I am? Certainly, I am. David Graham with a nom-de-plume, Cyril Thorpe, and I defy any one to disprove it!

(Enter at center detective, who has been watching latter part of this scene between the two men from the open window.)

DETECTIVE *(to David)*.—I want you, my man.

DAVID *(gasping)*.—Want me?

DETECTIVE.—Sure thing! Come on, now, don't overdo the surprise act. *(Winks at Scott.)*

SCOTT.—I knew there was something queer about a man who pretended to be an author and didn't even know the name of his book. Ha! ha! This is a good one! He says he's Cyril Thorpe; the boy says he's David Graham, and you—

DETECTIVE.—And I say he's Harry Levy—better known as "Light-finger Harry," one of the most daring and skillful sneak thieves in the country.

DAVID *(attempting to laugh it off)*.—By the great horn spoon! I'm glad to find out at last just who I am. There seemed to be considerable doubt about the subject. *(Changing his tone)* Now, see here *(turning to detective)*. You've made a mistake, you know. I'm not the man you think I am. You see—

DETECTIVE.—Oh, you're the man I want, all O. K.

(*To Scott.*) Three weeks ago "Light-finger Harry" got off with a lot of jewels, and was traced to this section of the country. I was sent out here to watch, for we knew he'd try to dispose of the loot. About two weeks ago I saw this chap, whom I'd been watching, because he answered the description of Harry, steal out of a window here at night, with the bundle of loot, which he mailed and then sneak back in. I've been after him ever since, and this afternoon got word from headquarters to take my man (*turning to David suddenly*). I suppose you'll say next I was mistaken—that it wasn't you that I saw coming out of the window?

DAVID.—Oh, it was I, all right, only I want to explain——

DETECTIVE (*to Scott*).—See? He even owns up to disposing of the loot! (*To David*.) That'll be about all the explanation that's necessary from you, young feller. Come on now, or I'll put the bracelets on you. (*Catches David's arm.*)

DAVID.—But I tell you——

DETECTIVE.—Oh, shut up! (*To Scott*.) Take his other arm, will you? (*To Teddy*.) Come on, you. I need you both for witnesses.

(*Exeunt center detective and Scott, with David struggling between them, and Teddy following.*)

(*Enter right Alice in dainty white afternoon frock.*)

ALICE.—I thought I heard talking in here—men's voices, too. It would have been just like that miserable man to take it into his head to entertain some one in here just because I wanted the room. Ugh! I wish I could get him off my mind! (*Knock heard at center door.*) There! that must be the man from the publishing house now; it's time for him. (*Opens door to rather stout-middle-aged man, with pompous manners.*) Good afternoon.

LOFTUS.—Good afternoon, madam. My name is Loftus, Harry Loftus, and I came to see one—er—Cyril Thorpe on business.

ALICE.—Yes, come right in, Mr. Loftus. I was expecting you.

LOFTUS (*surprised*).—Hey?

ALICE.—Yes; you see I am Cyril Thorpe.

LOFTUS.—You, madam! God bless my soul, madam, I expected to see a man. (*They both laugh.*)

ALICE (*archly*).—I hope you're not disappointed. Mr. Loftus?

LOFTUS.—Disappointed? No, indeed; but still rather surprised. Be seated, madam. (*Pulls up chair for Alice by fireplace at left. Both sit.*) You see—er, you are hardly the type of person that one would suppose interested in works dealing with the rough sailor's life.

ALICE (*in surprise*).—And whatever makes you think that I am interested in such novels? I hate them!

LOFTUS.—Hate them? But, madam, your book (*consulting note-book*), "The Skipper of Barnegat," deals with that sort of thing almost entirely.

ALICE (*gasping*).—My book—"The Skipper of Barnegat"? I never wrote any such book.

LOFTUS (*dazed*).—But—but, madam, I thought you said that you were Cyril Thorpe? (*Pulls out a letter from his pocket.*)

ALICE.—Certainly, I am; but you must have me mixed up with some one else. My book is "For the Love of a Woman."

LOFTUS.—Here is the letter (*hands her letter*) which you wrote to our firm, designating the name of your book as the one I referred to.

ALICE (*reading over letter*).—Why, I never wrote this! Besides, it's to the Manhattan Company, and I sent my book to the Columbia Company. There is some mistake, and yet this is signed Cyril Thorpe. I never heard of anything so queer.

(*Enter Maggie and Mrs. Bates from right, in great excitement.*)

MAGGIE.—For hiven's sake, Miss, ye'd ought to see what's comin' in here!

(*Enter center David, collar torn partially off, tie under one ear, coat torn, hair mussed, and generally wild look; also Scott, Teddy and the detective.*)

MRS. BATES.—What is the meaning of this?

DAVID.—Gee! I hardly know myself.

ALICE (*rushing forward and throwing her arms about David*).—David, what is it? Are you hurt?

DAVID.—No; I'm all right. (*As Alice drops her hold of him quickly he continues, swaying a little.*) No, I guess I feel a little faint. (*He retains her hand.*)

MRS. BATES.—Will no one explain what this is all about?

DETECTIVE.—It's this way, ma'am. I arrested him, thinking he was some one else, and when we got to the police station, we found a telegram, saying that the real thief had been captured. So I guess I'm it, and it's up to me to apologize. He's cleared.

SCOTT.—No, you forget he still claims he's Cyril Thorpe, but didn't write Cyril Thorpe's book, "For the Love of a Woman."

ALICE (*stepping forward*).—Why, that's my name and my book!

DAVID.—Your book? Oh, my aunt! This is rich! I thought you hated authors?

ALICE.—I did say so, but you said it first, and I didn't want you to think too badly of me.

DAVID.—Alice! I think badly of you? Why, I——

SCOTT.—Say! I hate to interrupt this touching scene, but how does it happen that there are two Cyril Thorpes and only one book?

LOFTUS.—You miss on your count, my dear sir. There are two books—one apiece. (*To David.*) Are you the the author of "The Skipper of Barnegat"? (*David bows.*) I congratulate you. It's a splendid story, well told.

ALICE.—Your book, David? Why, I thought that you hated authors?

DAVID.—Oh, I was only joking when I said that, and when you took me up, I had to go on. Besides, I didn't want any one to know that I was working in the attic on a book unless it was successful. It might have caused a laugh on me, you know.

ALICE.—In the attic? That's as bad as my working in the barn.

DAVID.—In the barn? Oh, woman, woman! Is that how you fed the chickens? Say, Maggie, I don't believe there was any smallpox man at all. You just wanted to keep Miss Alice from being discovered.

MAGGIE (*grinning*).—Oi guess your guess is right, sir.

DAVID (*laughing and shaking his fist at her*).—Villain!

ALICE.—How could you work in the attic when the crazy man was there?

DAVID.—Well, the fact is, that crazy man was the smallpox man's brother, and so, you see, he——

ALICE.—Never was?

DAVID.—Exactly. Just like those chickens. (*Both laugh.*)

ALICE.—And wasn't it funny that we were both writing on books and both took the same name—Cyril Thorpe?

MRS. BATES.—What a proud day for dear Cyril!

DAVID (*crossing to center and taking Alice's hand*).—Say, Alice, I know a better way of our arranging to take the same name again. Will you try it?

ALICE.—I—say, have you a dead mouse in your hand this time?

DAVID.—No, and I didn't have then. That was my manuscript.

ALICE.—And the hook on my waist was my manuscript!

DAVID.—Well, we are a pair of liars. If you marry me, Alice, you'll never be sure that I'm telling the truth.

ALICE.—I think I'll take my chances.

MAGGIE (*triumphantly. Hands on her hips*).—Didn't Oi say Oi did it?

MRS. BATES.—My dear children, for your wedding present I'm going to give you—can you guess what?

ALICE and DAVID—No, what?

MRS. BATES (*points to picture*).—Dear Cyril!

CURTAIN

Words by **A Song of the Scout**
HAROLD DORNING

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Musical by
ALFRED J. SILVER
Mus. Doc. Dunelm.

Marziale $\frac{4}{4}$ *f*

1. This is a song of the
2. A song in praise of the
3. A song in praise of the
4. So let's give a heart - y -

Scout - So - man - ly, - sturdy, and - stout!
Scout! His - life makes a man - of the lout;
Scout! That he's worth - y there is - no - doubt;
shout, For the free, clean - life - of the Scout; His

Swing - ing a - long in the o - pen air, Ev - er
Strong of - limb and - clear of brain, "Be Pre -
Ev - er - cheer - y and ev - er bright, Each
work, his - life, his - cause and creed, In -

read - y to do and dare, - Stick to his law and -
pared," is his watchword plain, Quick to act, without
task he does with heart so light; For Truth and Right, with -
campon track, by stream or mead, - Making boys men in -

dan - ger share, - To bear his part for self no care -
thought of gain, - On field or track, in sun or rain -
God his might, Gainst im - pure - deeds and words to fight -
word and deed, - A help - er true to all in need - Hur -

Such is the work of the Scout! - Such is the work of the Scout!
Such is the life of the Scout! - Such is the life of the Scout!
Such is the creed of the Scout! - Such is the creed of the Scout!
ral! for the life of the Scout! Hur - rah! for the life of the Scout!

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The Rally Vocal March

S. T. PAUL
(W. Rhys-Herbert)

4 *f* Forward and onward where our bright flag is
fly-ing Come then and join us with cheerful voices cry-ing.
Gallant-ly, mer-ri-ly march-ing as we fol-low Gath-er the
soldiers when the bugle shall call. From ev-'ry quarter
warm is the greeting Brave ones are com-ing old friends are
meeting, Gai-ly our banner o-ver us wav-ing Tell us that,
Fine 4 this day can never be for-got. Onward, onward
still we go— All is peace, we meet no foe! Ev-'ry-
where are sounds of mirth, Brightly the sun shines o'er all the earth.
Marching so gallantly marching so mer-ri-ly, Old friends,
we meet, old friends we greet At ev-'ry ral-ly,
ff at ev-'ry ral-ly! *ff* March-ing, marching, hear the drum!—
Marching, marching, still they come! Gath-'ring where the
D.C. al Fine
flag now waves. Tru-ly this day we shall ne'er for-get!

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Medley of American Patriotic Songs.

With spirit.

S. T. PAUL.

O Co-lum-bia the gem of the o-cean, The
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each patriot's de-
vo-tion A world of-fers hom-age to thee, Thy
man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When
Li-ber-ty's form stands in view, Thy banners make tyr-an-ny
tremble, When born by the Red, White and
Bring the good old bu-gle, boys, we'll sing an-oth-er song,
Sing it with a spir-it that will start the world a-long:

With Piano acc. .10

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Published in arrangements as follows:

Unison, with piano acc10	Four Male voices15
Two-part, with piano acc10	Four Mixed voices15

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Sing it as we used to sing it fif-ty-thou-sand strong,

While we were march-ing through Geor-gia, Hur-

rah! Hur-rah! we bring the ju-bi-lee! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! That

flag that makes you free! For Yan-kee Doodle came to town

Rid-ing on a pon-y Stuck a feath-er in his hat. And

Farewell, moth-er, you may nev-er, Press me to your heart a-

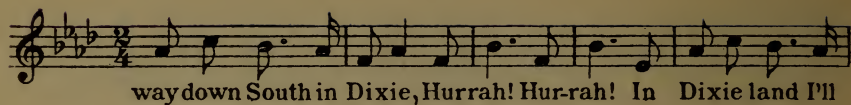
gain, But O you'll not for-get me moth-er,

If I'm num-ber'd with And Ral-ly 'round the flag, boys we'll

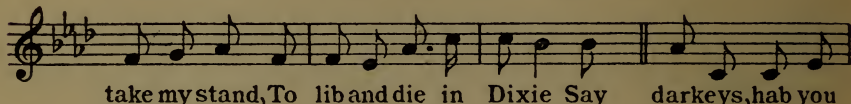
ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat-tle cry of Free-dom, A-

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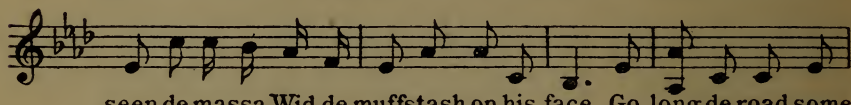
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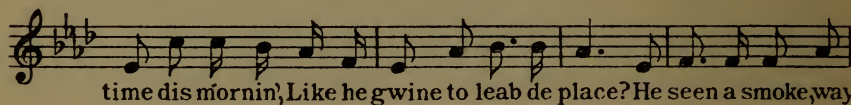
way down South in Dixie, Hurrah! Hur-rah! In Dixie land I'll



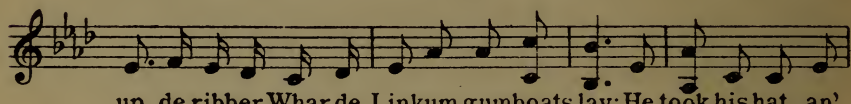
take my stand, To live and die in Dixie Say darkeys, hab you



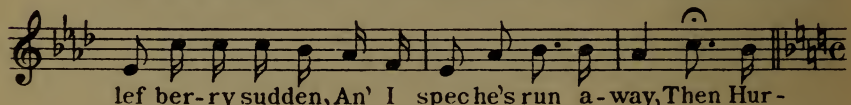
seen de massa, Wid de muffstash on his face, Go long de road some



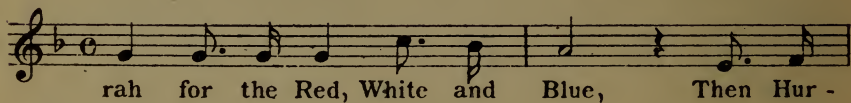
time dis mornin', Like he gwine to leab de place? He seen a smoke, way



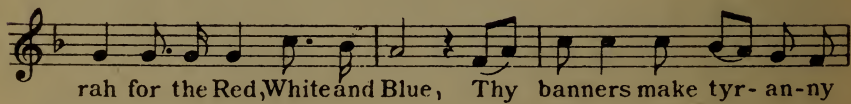
up de ribber, Whar de Linkum gumboats lay; He took his hat, an'



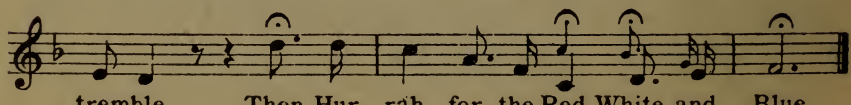
lef ber-ry sudden, An' I speche's run a-way, Then Hur-



rah for the Red, White and Blue, Then Hur-



rah for the Red, White and Blue, Thy banners make tyr-an-y



tremble Then Hur-rah for the Red, White and Blue.

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3259	Kris Kringle. Play for females.....	A. J. Schindler	.25
3260	Lily and Rosebud. Play for males and females....	A. J. Schindler	.25
3261	Our Merry Making Minstrels. Play for males....	A. J. Schindler	.25
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